

1505-1556
VOL. LVIII. No. 1505.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, January 3, 1906.

6417-2
PRICE TEN CENTS.

Puck

Copyright 1905, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



ROBINSON CRUSOE FAIRBANKS.

"O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place."



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Publishers and Proprietors
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK
No. 1505. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1906
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

UNLIKE the ranktankerous friend up the river, Superintendent Hendricks *never* "wanted to know—you know."

FOOTBALL WILL probably be abolished between seasons, just as political reforms are cried up between elections.

CHICAGO, Ill.—American railway interests are to co-operate with the Government in enforcement of laws against rebates. (*Prolonged laughter.*)

THOMAS W. LAWSON will remain a mystery as long as it is not known whether, in playing the market, he follows his own public tips.

OLD GENTLEMAN Fitzsimmons to Old Gentlemen Platt and Depew: "The trouble with you gents is that you're all in, like me, but you don't know it."

THE PAYMENT of \$40,000 for a new carnation is not so very remarkable. There is the Equitable, for instance, which paid \$20,000 annually for a very rank variety of clingstone Peach.

There were some rather expensive violets, too.

IT IS now suggested that the Panama canal be built by contract, thus relieving the government of much of the construction work. The idea is an excellent one, but why not take a tip from the New York Subway system of building and give the contractor the exclusive right to the canal for 999 years?

NINETY - THOUSAND DOLLARS for a stock exchange seat! And not an antique at that.

I CAN CONCEIVE of nothing more cowardly or more brutalizing than the hazing of one man by a dozen others.—*Admiral Dewey.*

What a singularly defective "code of honor" the Admiral must possess. Does he not know that there is nothing more conducive than hazing to the making of "an officer and a gentleman?"

ACTRESS FRANKIE BAILEY refuses to don skirts. "It's tights or nothing," she declares firmly. Well, tights are next to nothing.

ONE OF the diverting phases of this Albany Insurance investigation is the discovery of so many astounding things that Albany was aware of all along.

PAT MCCARREN and the State Senate are to part company. Pat says that duty calls him to Brooklyn and bids him stay there. Brooklyn no doubt is properly appreciative of the sacrifice made in its behalf.

"THEIR HARMONY," says Odell, referring to President Roosevelt and Governor Higgins, "consists of knocking." But there may be harmony in an anvil chorus. It was Odell that sang flat and finally lost the key altogether.

THE Kansas State Senator, who was recently indicted, has demonstrated very neatly that one may achieve both prominence and distinction these days and still be not a member of the Upper House of Congress.

OUR IDEA of a thoroughly good husband, is one who puts his wife in his air castles.—*Atchison Globe.*

There are men, who shall be nameless, who believe that a blonde stenographer makes a better chatelaine.



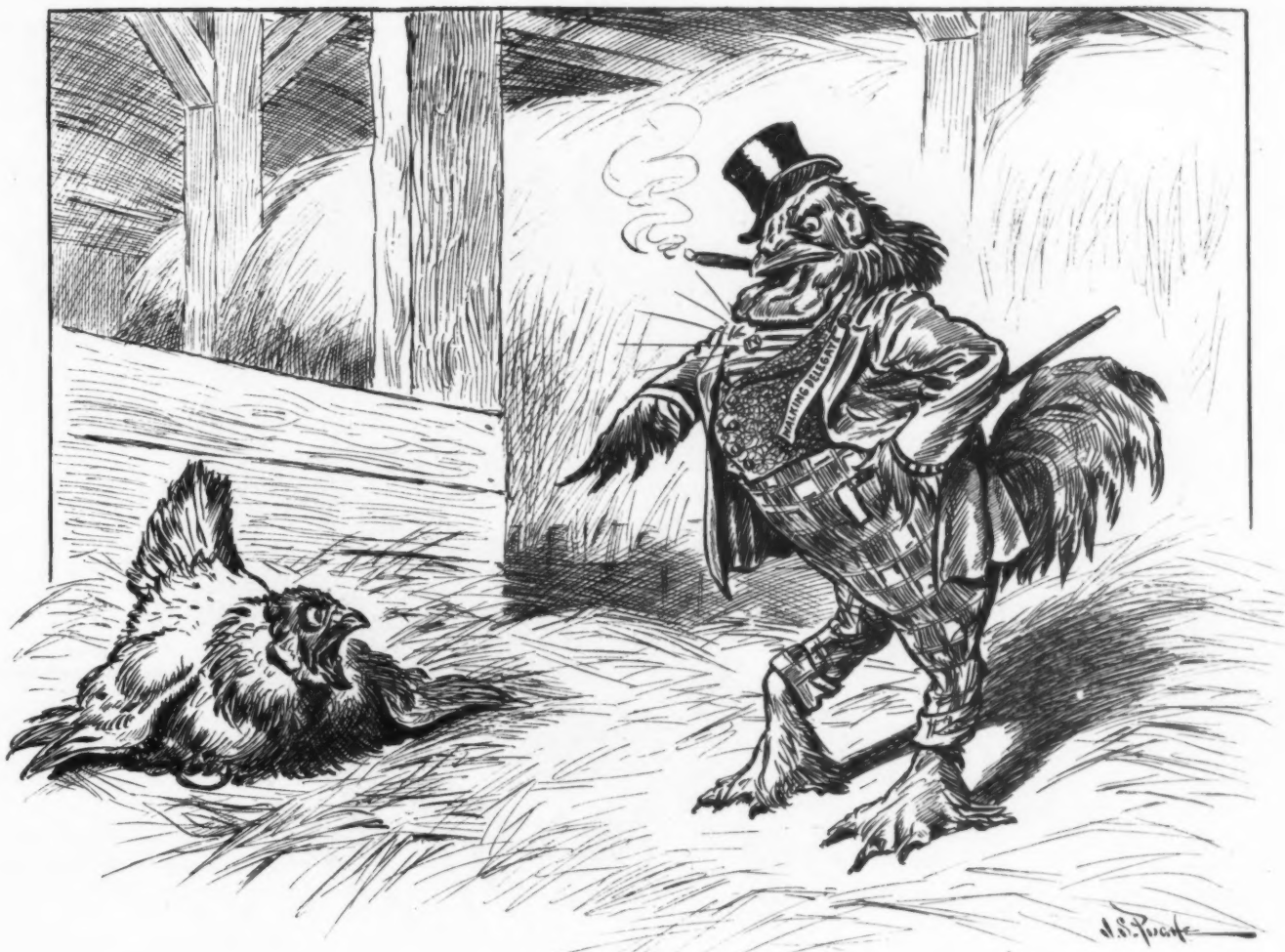
THE FIRST SNOWSTORM OF THE YEAR.
EVERYBODY WORKED POOR FATHER.

OCT 14 1935
375958

Gen.

051
fP961

v. 58 pt. 23 - v. 59 pt. 6



UNFAIR?

THE WALKING DELEGATE.—Say, you! Is th' Union Label on them eggs you 're settin' on?

THE TARIFF ON ART.

WHAT SENATOR FORAKER THINKS ABOUT IT.

AMONG the bulwarks of our freedom who believe that the abolition of our tariff on art would be a step in the wrong direction, is Senator Foraker of Ohio. "I have been simply inundated," says the Senator, "with protests from tea and coffee merchants and prominent men in the trading-stamp industry. If the tariff on art were removed it would no longer be possible for a tea merchant to give away a picture or a statuette with a pound of oolong, and the trading-stamp people would be similarly handicapped. Those art products, as you know, are of American make, and their manufacture gives employment to some 20,000 American artists."

Reminded that Will H. Low, Kenyon Cox, Augustus Saint Gaudens, William M. Chase, and a host of other eminent artists objected to being "protected" and clamored for the removal of the tax, Senator Foraker smiled indulgently and replied: "The persons you mention are estimable gentlemen, but impractical. It is the duty of government to protect them against the results of their own wrongheadedness. It is the duty of government, also, to conserve the interests of the greater number, and the artists who protest against the tax are a minority."

"The tax will stand then, Senator?"

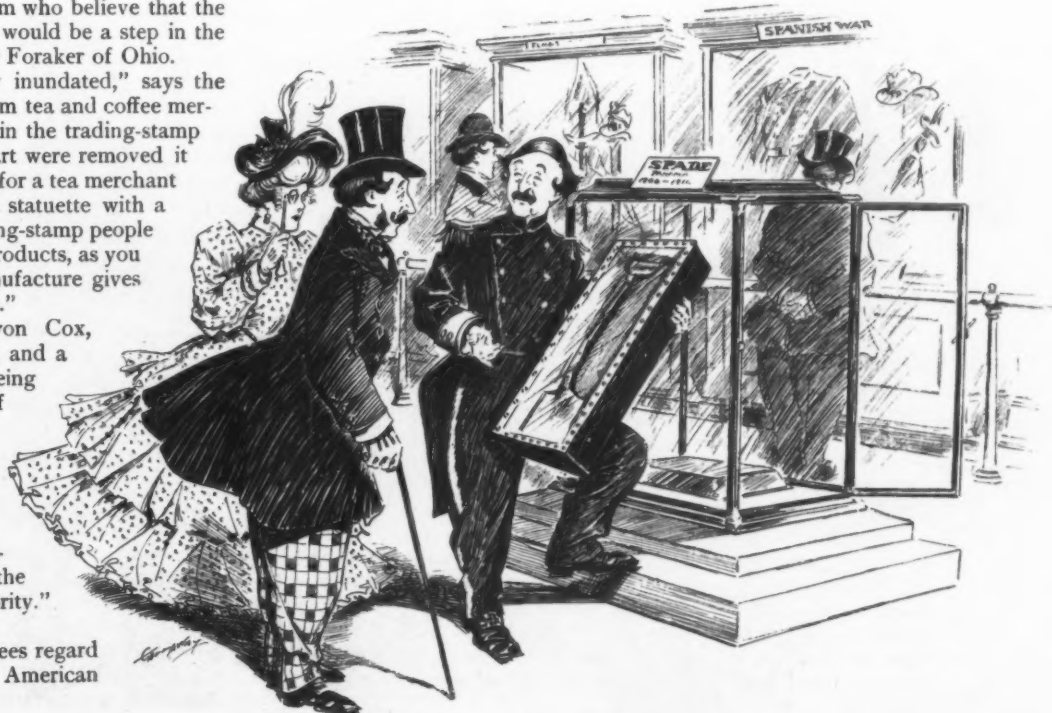
"It will. The ways and means committees regard art precisely as they regard steel rails. The American old masters must and shall be protected."

PERFECT SYSTEM.

CRAWFORD.—Is there such a thing as a safe gamble?

CRABSHAW.—Well, there are our high financiers who take a chance with other people's money.

MILLINERY is truly a wonderful art. Who would ever have guessed all the various things a man's rib can be made up into?



IN 1920.

VISITOR.—I suppose there is a history connected with that spade?

MUSEUM ATTENDANT.—There is, sir; it is one of our greatest curiosities. That spade was actually used to dig with at Panama!



AN OLD MAID'S SWEETHEART.

THE MAN AND HIS APPETITE.



NOT LONG ago, there was a man who had a most tremendous appetite. In fact it was the fiercest factor in his make up, and as it was always active and on the rampage it became a source of serious concern to the man who did not know that he was in a financial position to do it justice and to live up to its demands. It refused to be satisfied, and lulled to dreams of sweet forgetfulness. It was always glistening with the keen razoredge of anticipation. It was also so fastidious and full of patrician whims, that it antagonized the man, and caused him to like it unto an incurable disease and to direct many strings of expletives at it.

"I will punish it to-day," he once said, "and have a good laugh at its expense. I know it is filled with a yearning made up, so to speak, of a fine fabric of seventy-five cent dishes, and I am going to fill it with chagrin and disappointment by attacking it with the good old baked beans that stand for democracy and triumph. I will teach it to keep its wants down to the level of my pocket-book."

Although the appetite was sorely disappointed at not being preserved, arabasqued, gargoyled and embroidered with this, that and the other thing for which it yearned, it is only in accordance with the facts to say that it made a beautiful background against which the beans fairly sparkled like an argosy of fireflies. On another occasion he remarked with fine sarcasm: "So you want nesselrode pudding, and meringued pie, do you? Well, you'll just take the common corned beef hash of the realm, and be thankful, for you don't want the aforesaid dainties half as much as I need an overcoat."

The appetite that had made sad havoc of the beans consumed

the corned beef hash even as a locomotive consumes soft coal, and then began to pirouette and sprint through the man's thoughts and over his anatomy at such a rate that he began to feel that it was taking the much receded overcoat off his back although that garment was not yet numbered among his sartorial possessions. One day while the man was endeavoring to solve the momentous question of how he could keep financially within a couple of laps of the appetite which, so to speak, paced his commercial efforts, he was taken sick, and when the doctor had asked him the usual questions, he concluded that there was something wrong with his stomach, and decided to put him under the x-rays. After so doing it was decided that an operation would be necessary, and that half of the man's stomach would have to be cut out. The man was in a delirium of delight.

"I shall now be able to save money," he reflected, "for with but half a stomach, I can only hold half the quantity that I am now compelled to store away; and my appetite will be cut in half, and I can pull along on half portions. I tell you what it is, old man," he said addressing himself, "half a stomach is better than none; it is also better than a whole one whose handmaid is an appetite that grows unpatchable holes in your salary and is also afflicted with chronic insomnia."

After the operation, which was a successful one, the man soon discovered that he was worse off than ever, because, while his



The nouveaux riches continually flock to New York from the provinces, with a view, doubtless, to enlarging the sphere of their uselessness.



THE AGE OF GRAFT.

AUNTIE.—Sing "Pat-a-Cake, Pat-a-Cake, Baker's Man," Charlie.
CHARLIE.—Not a note till I've negotiated for the phonograph rights.

storage capacity was reduced fifty per cent., his appetite remained as large and lively as ever. Do what he would he could only satisfy one-half of it; and there was no way in which he could satisfy the other half of it or cut it in half to match his stomach. His stomach was full at the time, and yet he was hungry all the time, for while one half of his appetite was appeased, the other half was, to put it mildly, waltzing all over a bill of fare, and filling the air with a weird lamentation. "Alas," he said one day, "I am certainly the victim of a relentless fate; and I would give anything to have back the other half of my stomach which is probably at this very moment whirling around in the alcohol which it can neither enjoy nor appreciate. If I could but have one wish granted me, that wish would make me, and immediately, the possessor of a stomach about the size of a regulation football, and I would work my head and hands off to keep it on the friendliest of terms with my appetite. I would take that appetite out every day and write verses on it in litters of terrapin, and cover it with mural decorations of lobsters à la Newburgh. I would make it ripple with rhapsodies of chicken à la marengo, and glimmer like the dome of a cathedral with golden angels of spanish omelets against a violet background of huckleberry pie. I was all right before, when I thought I was all wrong, and while I sigh in vain for my lost lamented half stomach which will not come back, I regard myself as the illustration of a unique paradox, inasmuch, as while I am well and generously fed and filled to repletion, yet do I feel that I am starving to death by inches."

The moral of this little fable teaches us that we never appreciate a blessing for which we should be grateful, until it has taken wings unto itself and flows from us never to return. It also teaches us that we never know how well off we are, until we are worse off, and incidentally, that we should never rob our stomach of a chicken liver omelet that a few dimes may be added to the pile which we are foolishly gathering for the purchase of a fur-lined ulster. R. K. Munkittrick.

HISTORY IN A. D. 2905.

"WHO was this man called Teddy Pa,
That men do call him great?
Did he invent a motor-car
Or run a syndicate?"
"Nay, nay, my child he was a wight
Who had a wondrous way
Of mixing in with every fight
That came up in his day.

"There never was a piece of pie,
Back in the age of Tin,
'Pon which he did not fix his eye
And have a finger in.
When Russia fought the Japanese
For freedom à la Russe,
He laid them both across his knees
And spanked them like the deuce.

"The great Canal of Panama
He dug with his steel pen;
And in great Cuba's Holy War
Was Hero of Say When."
He wrote the strict Parental Law,
By which all men who fail
To have of children three or four
Must spend ten years in jail.

"But of his wondrous deeds the best—
'T is taught us in our schools—
He was the Man who dared suggest
A change in Foot-ball Rules,
So that to him we owe the fact—
All hail his glorious name!—
What once was but a brutal act
Is now a Parlor-Game."

John Kendrick Bangs.

* Believed to be a corrupt form of St. Juan.—ED.

TEMPERS AND JEWELS.

"THEY say a fashionable crowd is almost invariably bad-tempered."
"Much in the same way, I fancy, that fashionable people often wear paste jewels."
"I don't quite see that."
"Well, of course, where people's tempers are bad, they don't so much mind losing them."



WHAT WEDDINGS ARE COMING TO.

THE BRIDE'S FATHER (to guest at the door).—I know it's unusual, old fellow, but we had to do it; we had to save Bessie and Albert from their friends, you know.

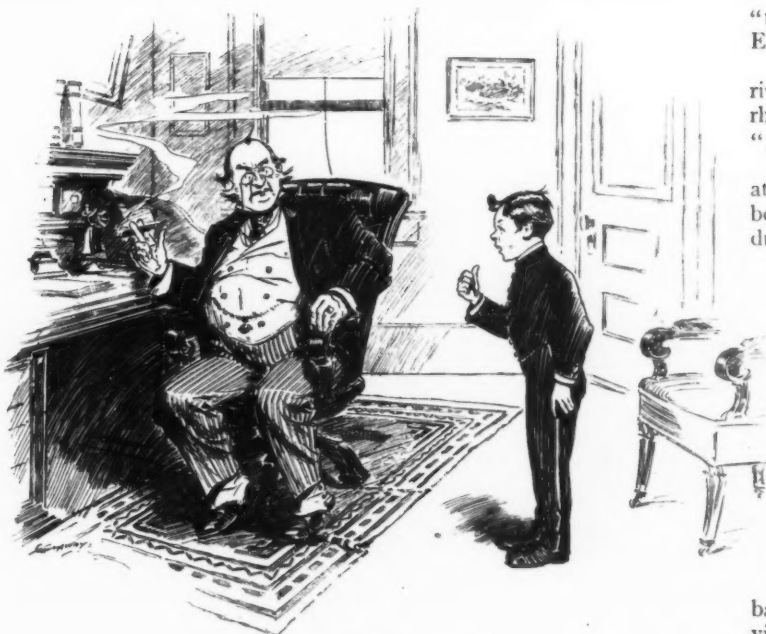
PUCK



A GOOD HAND TO HOLD.

Eventually, however, the really wise man reaches an age where he gives up the idea that some day he'll get even.

PUCK



THE UNEXPECTED.

OFFICE BOY.—There's a policy-holder wants to see you about—
INSURANCE PRESIDENT.—Throw him out!
OFFICE BOY.—About increasing his policy.
INSURANCE PRESIDENT.—Oh, show him in—and bring him a
cock-tail, quick!

THE SELF-PRESERVATION LEAGUE.

THE recently organized Self-preservation League of Readers has, despite the desperate opposition of publishers, grown steadily. The purpose of this organization is to prevent, as far as possible, the writing of certain classes of books, stories, plays and songs. To this end a fund has been created, which will be maintained by the dues from members of the League. To an author for not writing a "historical" novel, the sum of \$10,000 will be paid. For not writing a "smart" society novel, \$8,000. To refrain from a

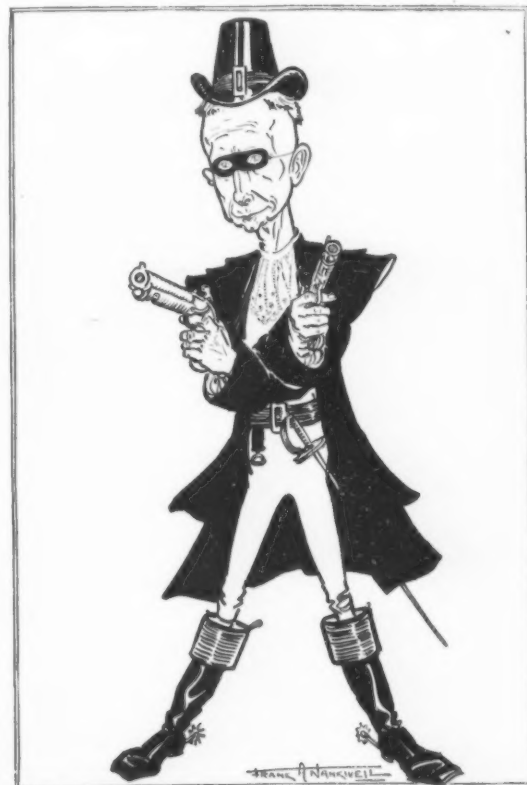
"nature" story (any length), \$1,000. (Special contract with Mr. E. S-T.) For losing the manuscript of a "problem" play, \$7,000. For maintaining a noisy silence with regard to partings by the river; places where the (anything) blooms; dying soldier-boys; badly rhymed bills-of-fare in negro dialect, and all other variations of the "popular" song, \$20,000.

There are no conditions attached to membership, beyond the payment of dues, but any member who can name one book by Dickens, Balzac or Thackeray, and use, giving source, one quotation from Shakespeare, will be presented with a pair of specially devised glasses, through which it is absolutely impossible to read any of the books of the classes against which the League is banded, although the vision is not otherwise affected. E. C. Hall.

HORSE AND HORSE.

"IT HAS been the custom for a great many years," observed the Sage of Livelyburg, "to allude contemptuously to us as inhabitants of a one-horse town. But, to-day, my friends, we stand with this stigma removed. Looking from our windows into our streets filled with the electric, the gasoline and the steam motor-cars dashing up and down, to and fro, we may utter with conscious pride an expression of gratification that we are a one-horse town no more. In fact, we may almost say that, with the banishment of our horses, we are at last modern, aggressive, up-to-date, — a no-horse town of the first class!"

Had They Been Born Sooner.—III.



THE ROAD AGENT.

A CERTAIN OIL AND REBATE DEALER.



THE MOB.

"Well?"
"Oh, don't ask me! I'm so disgusted with myself for having come! It's a perfect crush!"
"No!"
"Yes! Think of there being only two hundred million dollars present, yet more than a hundred persons."

THE GAME.

IF A body meet a body
Putting up a bluff
Need a body call a body
For his bunch of stuff?
Everybody who can do it's
Putting up a front,
And he wins the game who
makes a
Base hit of a bunt.

W. L. W.

FORWARD.

"WELL," replied the up-to-date manager, after a moment's thought, "I don't see why we should n't be ready to open in two weeks. Another rehearsal or two will give our star a good grip on her new mannerism, and after that there's nothing left but to write a play around it. Two weeks, I should say, at the outside."

EXPERIENCE is a good teacher but her pupils never finish their education.



PUTTING THE BALL IN PLAY.
"Ball! Ball! Who's got the ball?"



Ruled off by the umpire for slapping above the wrist.





The substitutes on the side lines.



"Time out! Man injured!"



ALL-AMERICA TEAM.



FOOTBALL IN 1906.



AN END-RUN.—"Beg pardon, but will you let our halfback pass?"

PUCK

REVERIES OF A BABY.

I AM A BABY—I know that much—but how I happened to be here and where I came from are mysteries I've not yet been able to fathom; but I shall discover that, too, presently, for I am now beginning to observe closely and can see that I am becoming more enlightened every day.

It puzzled me for a long time—all my life I suppose—to account for these huge objects who work for me. It is now quite clear; they are my slaves, I have discovered.

It is evident that I am a very rare and marvelous thing—perhaps the only baby that ever occurred—for other objects similar to my slaves often come in and stare at me. How they prattle and dance about making foolish grimaces! It would be frightful only some are so silly that the first

I know I am smiling in spite of myself; and occasionally I permit one of the ogres, a little

less terrifying than the others, with some bright trinket to commend him, to hold me for a short time. But when I find that it was only a trick to allure me and that I'm not to be allowed to swallow the trinket I am offended. And then one of the slaves—the one I like better than the others—rescues me from the wicked monster and carries me away where they cannot hear how deeply I am wounded. I mention this only to show the duplicity of these cowardly ruffians and the trouble I have in getting the right kind of nourishment.

I seem to be away a great deal of the time and when I get back I am naturally very hungry. I would like these slaves of mine to understand just for once what it is to be hungry, but before I have time to explain fully just how hungry I am one of them always rushes toward me and thrusts something into my mouth. It is very comforting but I feel a little hurt at times, hungry as I am, for it often seems as if they did it more to stop me from talking about it than because I was starving and they felt any solicitude on that account.

But perhaps I do them an injustice, for they are all very kind in their rough way, and while they do sometimes exasperate me with their unsolicited attentions and subject my person to frequent indignities which I am too feeble to resist, I feel that I shall keep them, because they are faithful and mean well. Ward.

VIOLENCE.

"It was a violent collision, I am to understand?"

"Violent? Well, I should say it *was* violent. Everybody in the car, including the porter, was rendered unconscious by the shock, except, of course, the couple who were on their wedding tour, and even they seemed to be rather less conscious than they were before it happened."

AS TO THE CHAPERON.

MAZIE MODISH.—So thoughtful of you, George, to bring along your football head-harness. There are so many passages in these modern plays that are unfit for old folks to hear.



VERY.

SHADE OF HAMLET—Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.

CASA BIANCA.

(Up-to-Date.)

THE BOY stood on the rolling deck,
Whence all but him had fled,
His face was of a tombstone hue,
His hand was on his head.

And though he wore a sailor's garb,
No cabin boy was he.
Athwart the rail he limply hung
And—gazed into the sea.

The captain spoke unto the lad,
"What ails you, man?" quoth he.
"I never saw a salt before
With landsman's malady.

"Great Hornspoon! Did you Chadwick me!

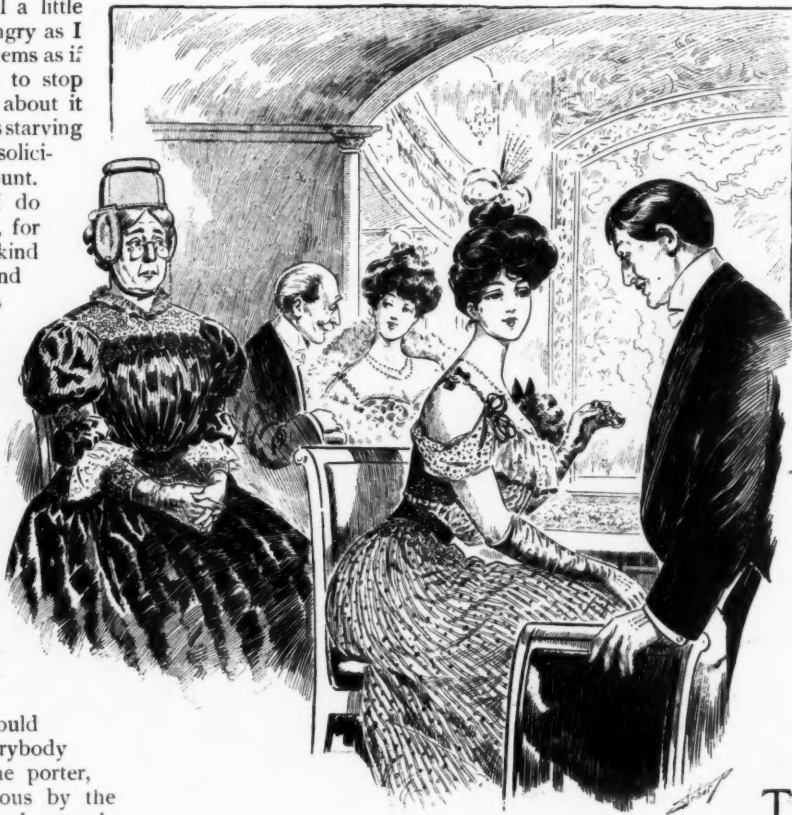
You vowed that you could sail
This barkentine across the sea
And weather every gale."

"I did, I did," the pale youth gasped;
"But you'd be sick perforce
If you had learned your seamanship
By correspondence course."

Charles Israel.

FINER FRENCH.

THE AMERICAN TOURIST.—I suppose I speak broken French, eh, Henri?
THE WAITER.—Not eegsactly, M'sieur. You haf a word deescribes it bettaire—let me see—ah, yes,—it is pulverized!



As for counting chickens before they are hatched, that's the only time the most of us ever get to count them.

THE AMPLE REASON.



HAPPY VISION.

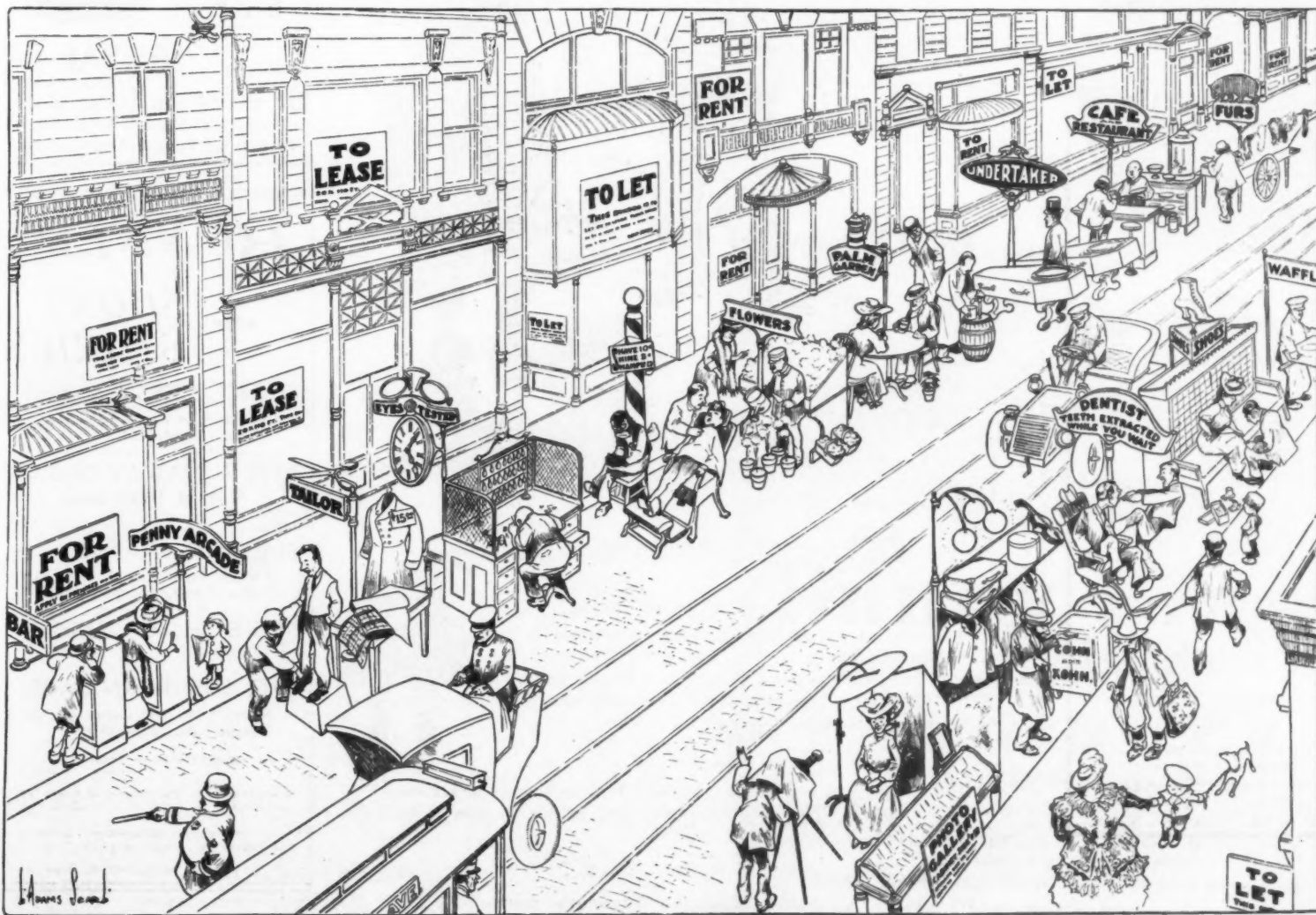
NEXT HOUSE NOONAN (*telling story*).—When I went down for de third time, every event uv me life passed before me like a flash!
 FRAYED FAGIN.—Gee! Was n't it horrible?
 NEXT HOUSE NOONAN.—No, delightful;—de beers an' free lunches kept comin' so fast dat I could n't count 'em!

"WELL, now, my—er-h'm!—dear young friends," began, in a benifi-admonitory tone, the Hon. Thomas Rott, who had percolated into the village school and been invited by their loving teacher to address a few well-chosen words to the pupils. "Once upon a time, as they say in stories, there were four boys. One of them honored not his father and mother, but was disobedient, disrespectful and ungovernable, and thought he knew better than they what was good for a boy—and he is now in the PENITENTIARY! There was another boy who swore and lied, and he is also now in prison; and with him went the boy who began his downward career by smoking cigarettes, and progressed rapidly from bad to worse till the great iron gates clanged behind him! On the other hand—well, the fourth boy of that little group did not indulge in any of those reprehensive vices, and now—But ah-h'm!—who can draw the moral of this little story and tell us what became of this other boy? Yes; my young friend there"—pointing to a lad who gave little outward evidence of being loaded—"knows the sequel of the story, I am sure. Tell us, my lad, where is that other boy now, that fourth little boy, and why did not he go to the Penitentiary, too?"



"Aw, he now stands before us!" snarled the urchin addressed. "And he did n't go to prison b'cuz of the Statute of Limitations."

Tom P. Morgan.

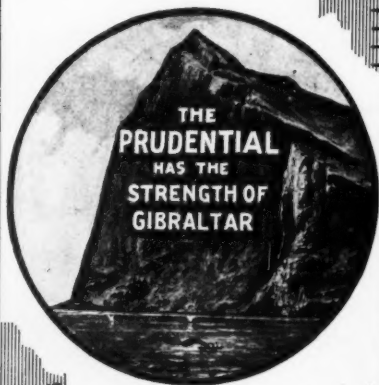


ULTIMATE NEW YORK.

THE BUSINESS STREET OF THE FUTURE IF THE LANDLORDS KEEP RAISING THE RENTS.

Which Way

Runs the Age-measure of Your Life; up or down? Are you climbing to middle-life or slipping down life's slope toward old age? In either case you are growing older each day. Every day provision for your family becomes more necessary, because every day reduces the unknown quantity of opportunity by twenty-four hours.



"Procrastination is the thief of time." It is also the thief of money, justice and family happiness when it leads a man to put off insuring his life until it is too late.

Make the future safe for yourself and your family by a Life Insurance policy in

The Prudential

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President
Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.
Write for Rates at Your Age. Dept. P.

WILSON That's All!

A GOOD umbrella means a frequent change of owners.—*Chicago Daily News.*

THERE are always people trying to cure this world's drought by writing essays on irrigation.—*Ram's Horn.*

A STEAM derrick is one of the features in a new realistic drama. This may be another effort to elevate the stage.—*Chicago Daily News.*

WHEN a girl of twenty-seven receives her first proposal, she does n't usually spend many nights in anxious prayer before she makes up her mind whether to say yes or no.—*Atchison Globe.*



THEIR LIMIT.

TOURIST.—What? All this open, rolling country and no golf links?
ONE BORE BILL.—Nope; the Bad Lands are purty bad, but they ain't as degraded as that yet.

An ounce of sherry and a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters before meals is a wonderful appetizer.

EXPECTING TO BE STUCK.

THE WIFE.—I see by this paper that the cactus is coming into fashion in England and Germany. A German writer maintains that cactus blossoms excel all others in variety and in beauty of form and color.

THE HUSBAND.—I suppose the milliners will soon be trying to stick us on the cactus, then.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

SYMPATHETIC.

"Your chauffeur is exceedingly careful. Was he ever in an accident?"

"Yes; some one ran over him once, and he knows how it feels!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

SLAVES TO HER CHARMS.

"Why do you say Miss Conleigh is a drug on the market?"

"She overcomes about every man she meets!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

It's a good deal easier to regulate this world than it is to set your own house straight.—*Ram's Horn.*

It must jar even the Kaiser to see what a shaking up the divine right is getting in Russia these days.—*Indianapolis News.*

The Supreme After-Dinner Cordial



LIQUEUR EAGLETTE

An especially fine American product, acknowledged by connoisseurs to be unequalled here or abroad. As a delicious aid to digestion, and a cordial of delightful flavor, it is without a rival. A fitting finale to any feast.

EAGLE LIQUEUR DISTILLERIES
Rheinstrom Bros. Cincinnati, U. S. A.

Royal's "WHITEST" COLLAR
TRADE MARK
MADE

LINEN
15¢
EACH



(ROYAL 41)
SLIP EASY BAND

IF YOUR DEALER WONT
SUPPLY YOU, WRITE US
EMIGH & STRAUB-Dept C.C. TROY, NY

BUNNER'S

SHORT
STORIES

SHORT SIXES.

Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. Illustrated.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.

A Story of Small Stories. Illustrated.

MADE IN FRANCE.

French Tales Retold with a United States Twist. Illustrated.

MORE SHORT SIXES.

Illustrated.

THE SUBURBAN SAGE.

Stray Notes and Comments on His Simple Life. Illustrated.

Five Volumes, in Paper, \$2.50
" " Cloth, 5.00

or separately } Per Volume, in Paper, \$0.50
as follows: } " " Cloth, 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers, or from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address PUCK, New York.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend
It's, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals on wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 206 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

NOTHING!



ONE DAY they had a falling out
And played the game of sulk and pout;
And what do've think 't was all about? —
Nothing!

She went to ma's and meant to stay!
Which made his dinner late that day:
When she returned, what did he say? —
Nothing!

Although he stayed out late that night
And drank a glass or two for spite,
What did she do to serve him right? —
Nothing!

Now ere the ending of the week,
Each caught the other going to speak!
What better ending is to seek? —
Nothing!

Yet friends and neighbors were perplexed,
And some old ladies even vexed
To wait and find what happened next? —
Nothing!

Hunter MacCulloch.

HITS SOMETHING HARD.

"When a man falls off the water-wagon," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "he is not likely to strike on any soft stuff." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

EVERY time you stifle a good impulse you make it harder to start the next one. — *Ram's Horn*.

WHEN a bachelor draws a big doll in a church fair raffle, the obvious thing for him to do is to get married. — *Pencilings*.

If the federal officeholders are to have their railway passes called in, what 's to become of the mileage allowances? — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

THE day after a girl's father grumbles that she is too old to play with dolls, he begins to grumble that she is too young to go with the boys. — *Atchison Globe*.

PATIENCE.—See that man sitting at the window across the way? He has n't moved for two hours.

PATRICE.—Perhaps he's playing chess. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

If a man is saying anything he should n't, and his wife gives him a little punch under the table, he takes it for an encore, and says it again. — *Atchison Globe*.



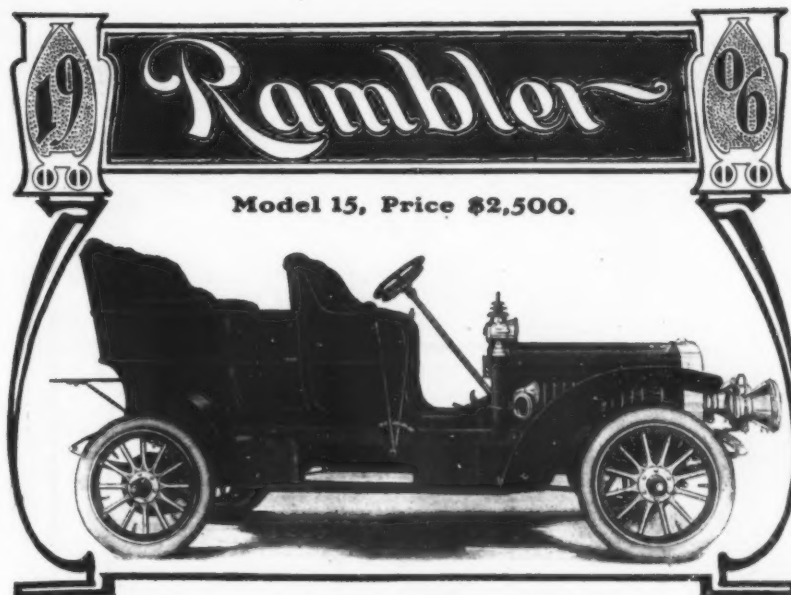
PERILOUSLY CLOSE.

JIMMY.—Gee, Saturday 's a great day, ain't it?

PETEY — Betcher!

JIMMY.—It had a narrer escape though; it come widin twenty-four hours of bein' Sunday.

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is the greatest aid to digestion known.



Model 15, Price \$2,500.

A high power car with a four cylinder motor, 35-40 horse power, sliding gear transmission and all modern features, but simplified to the practical service of non-professional operators.

Speedy, silent, simple and powerful.

Our catalog will interest you and a personal examination will convince you that it is the car of the year.

Thos. B. Jeffery & Company
Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis., U. S. A.

Branches:

Boston, 145 Columbus Ave. Chicago, 302-304 Wabash Ave.
Philadelphia, 242 N. Broad Street. San Francisco, 10th and Market Streets
Milwaukee, 457-459 Broadway. New York Agency, 134 W. 38th Street.
Agencies in other leading cities.

The Government

protects its citizens against counterfeit money—the law of (March 3d, 1897) equally protects the public against counterfeit whiskey.

Every bottle of

Sunny Brook

STRAIGHT Whiskey

BOTTLED IN BOND

Complies with this law and is bottled under direct supervision of Gov't Officials and is sealed by U. S. Treasury Dept's "GREEN STAMP." Sunny Brook was the only Whiskey awarded Grand Prize and Gold Medal at St. Louis World's Fair.

Avoid Whiskies not Guaranteed by U. S.

SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY CO., Jefferson County, Ky.



HEALTHFULNESS, PURITY, AND CLEANLINESS are the three essentials found in

HIGH LIFE

These qualities are secured by the employment of expert brew masters and experienced help, a modern plant and the use of the best materials without regard to cost.

Ask for High Life.

Miller THE BEST MILWAUKEE BEER

MILLER BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE

PUCK PROOFS

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY KEEPLER & SCHWARZMAN



A DEAL ON THE CURB. Photogravure in Sepia, 14x19 in.
By Stuart Travis. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

PUCK PROOFS are enlarged reproductions in Photogravure on heavy artists' proof paper, with wide margin, and, when suitably framed, will make very appropriate decorations for the

Parlor, Library, or "Den."

PRICE ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Twenty-Seven Titles Now Ready. Send for Descriptive Circular.

PUCK PROOFS may be had at all leading Art Stores, or they will be mailed from this office on receipt of price.

The trade supplied by
THE ANDERSON MAGAZINE CO.,
32 Union Square, New York.

Address PUCK, New York.

A wholesome nip, with an aristocratic flavor.



"THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"

Garrick Club

Rye Whiskey

Alfred E. Norris & Co., Proprietors, Philadelphia



COURT DIPLOMACY.

THE TOWN BOSS.—I tell you, Judge Selectman is a diplomat all right.

HIS HENCHMAN.—What 's he done now?

THE TOWN BOSS.—Why, when that woman kicked because he fined her \$10 for speeding her auto, he at once marked it down to \$9.98.

HEADS AND FEET.

"Pop!"
"Yes, my son."
"How many feet does it take to make a yard?"
"Three, my boy."
"And yet it only takes two heads to make a barrel."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

AIR PRESSURE.

"Jove! But we made quick time on our auto tour yesterday!"
"So!"
"Yes; we had our lunch basket with us, and we went so fast it condensed the milk!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHEN A man has advised another to go into a foolish venture that fails, he can always see how he might have made it pay.—*Washington Democrat.*

Pears'

The skin welcomes Pears' Soap. It gently cleanses, freshens, and beautifies. Never irritates nor acts harshly.

Have you used Pears' Soap?

Get it anywhere.

COOK'S
Imperial
Extra dry
CHAMPAGNE

Is second to no Champagne in the world. It is half the price of foreign makes, because there no duty or ship freight to pay on this American made Champagne.

SERVED EVERYWHERE
AMERICAN WINE CO., ST. LOUIS

UP-TO-DATE CHILDREN.

"When I get married," said little Mollie, "I'm going to marry a minister; then it won't cost anything for a wedding fee."
"When I get married," replied little Dollie, "I'm going to marry a lawyer, and then it won't cost anything to get a divorce."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

TOO LATE.

"Say!" demanded the ugly individual, suddenly appearing from a dark alley, "what time is it?"
"You're just about two minutes late," replied the Chicagoan. "That other gentleman you see running away has my watch."—*Catholic Standard.*

Morning, Noon and Night Fast Trains to The West—Via NEW YORK CENTRAL.

JOHN JAMESON



THREE STAR WHISKEY

Bottled only under this label. Its higher price is your protection.



FELT LIKE IT.

SUBURBS.—Right over there is where the lake is.

CITIZAN.—That so? I had an idea we were walking through it here!

HERE IT IS AGAIN!

CHURCH.—I see they call it the 59th Congress.

GOTHAM.—Yes, but that won't prevent it from acting like 60!—*Yonkers Statesman.*



MANY a bet has been wagered and won over the superiority of CLUB COCKTAILS over guesswork or other brands. You can prove their excellence without betting, though. Try a bottle.

Insist upon getting CLUB COCKTAILS—the original bottled brand. They're far superior to guesswork kind—you want the best—well, insist on getting CLUB.

Always ready. Just strain through cracked ice and serve. Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
Hartford New York London

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,

22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street, NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.

All kinds of Paper made to order.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

120 Years of Purity Progress Popularity Evans' Ale

A LONELY SPOT.

"I'm looking for a lonely spot,"
Said Jack unto his neighbor Jill
While they were playing cards, for Jack
Just needed one small ace to fill.
Yonkers Statesman.

WHAT COULD HE EXPECT?

"This pie is n't very juicy!" complained the guest.
"No, sir," explained the waitress,
"it was made out of dried apples."—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHEN one doctor is sore at another,
he shows his contempt by calling him
"Doc."—*Washington Democrat.*

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



Or a Farm

Which Would You Choose?

Mr. H. A. S., of Muskegon, Mich., writes us:

"I had tried nearly every soap made for shaving, but my face was so broken out that for months I could not shave. Finally I began to use Williams' Shaving Soap and the soreness and irritation rapidly disappeared. I would not be without Williams' Shaving Soap for a farm."

If you had the choice of Williams' Shaving Soap and a fair, smooth, comfortable face, or a farm and a broken-out and irritated face to annoy and disfigure you all your life, which would you choose?



Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters, Talcum Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Williams' Tar Soap, etc., sold everywhere.

Sample of Williams' Shaving Stick for 4c. in stamps

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
Write for "The Shavers' Guide and Correct Dress."

HATED TO GIVE IT UP.

PATIENCE.—It's all off between me and Will.

PATRICE.—Engagement broken?

"Yep."

"I'm sorry."

"Well, you need n't be. Only I've found out that he's not a man of his word!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes; why only a week ago he said he'd give up anything for me, and now the hateful old thing wants this ring back!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

New Orleans Water Route

Southern Pacific elegant passenger ships weekly between New York and New Orleans.
From New York every Wednesday at noon, arriving New Orleans following Monday morning.
Berth and meals included in rate.

FAST TIME
SUPERB SERVICE
EXCELLENT CUISINE

Connecting at New Orleans with

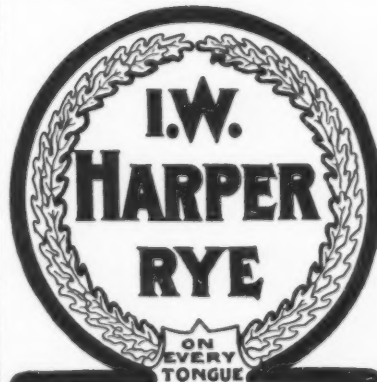
SOUTHERN PACIFIC

rail lines for all points in

Louisiana, Texas, Mexico, Arizona
California.

INQUIRE

Boston, 170 Washington St. Philadelphia, 632 Chestnut St.
New York, 340 Broadway Baltimore, Piper Building,
Syracuse, 212 West Washington St. Baltimore St.



Has Stood The Test of Time

and won universal popular approval. Oldest and most famous in the world. Best for all uses. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

GRAND PRIZE Highest Award
St. Louis World's Fair.

THOSE SUSCEPTIBLE PITTSBURGERS.

There is joy behind the footlights
In the chorus blithe and fair,
There is gladness in the glances
Of the maids with yellow hair;
For 't is said that in the front row
Sits a Pittsburgh millionaire!

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Coming Out



There's something spread althwart the bed—
A dreamy, creamy feast!
There's "Oh's!" and "Ah's!", and praises
Of Madame the modiste.
There's scent of roses in the hall.
There's hurrying about.
There's over all excitement's thrall.
For Dolly's coming out!

With busy hands, 'midst soft commands,
Now deftly works Marie—
And cries anon, as back she stands:
"Que vous êtes belle! Mais oui!"
The mirror answers true: "T is so!"
Reflecting smile and pout
And Jacquemint and cheeks aglow.
For Dolly's coming out!

The toilet's done. Gaze every one
And mark each tuck and shirt.
Note well the lines of grace that run
From slipper to collar.
And Cupid, you your bow prepare!
(The rascal's on a grin!)
Oh men, take care! Oh hearts, beware—
For Dolly's coming in!
Edwin L. Sabie.



Frank A. Nankivell
1914